

The Herald and News.

VOLUME L, NUMBER 25.

NEWBERRY, SOUTH CAROLINA, TUESDAY, MARCH 26, 1912.

TWICE A WEEK, \$1.50 A YEAR.

KNOX LIVINGSTON DEAD.

President of State Bar Association—
Brilliant Career in Law.

Bennettsville, March 22.—Col. Knox Livingston, attorney at law, president of the State Bar association and one of the most prominent citizens of the State, died suddenly at 8 o'clock this morning. He had been in bad health for some time, but the end came unexpectedly.

Col. Livingston was born in Madison county, Florida, January 1, 1850, on the first day of the week, the month and the year. His parents were Col. D. G. Livingston and Rhoda Townsend Livingston. The father, a native of Glenn Deurnell, Argyleshire, Scotland, a merchant and planter.

Col. Knox Livingston was very successful in his chosen calling and had a large practice, both in Marlboro and other counties. He was counsel in many cases of large importance, as the supreme court records will attest, and always managed his cases well and was considered a lawyer of fine parts.

As a citizen he was found in the front rank in all enterprises which made for the welfare of the community. He was elected warden of Bennettsville in 1874 and was several times intendant. Upon the renewal of the charter of the town he was chosen mayor, which office he held for four years.

In 1882 he was elected to the legislature, but declined re-election in 1884, owing to the demands of his practice. Again in 1896 he was returned to the house of representatives, and in 1898 was elected State senator, and in both branches did distinguished service.

He was a member of many conventions of the Democratic party, notably the "straightout" convention of 1876. While a member of the house he was on the judiciary committee and the committee of privileges and elections and took a leading part in the debates and in the enactment of laws.

YOUNG GREENVILLE GIRL WAS KILLED BY TRAIN

Elsie Singleton Instantly Killed by
Fast Moving Train at Buncombe
Road Crossing.

Greenville, March 21.—Elsie Singleton, a pretty 20-year-old mill girl, was instantly killed at noon today by Southern train No. 29 at the crossing of the Buncombe road with the railroad tracks at Poe mills. The girl was on her way to dinner at the time and stepped on the crossing without seeing the vestibule hurrying toward her. She was struck in the back of the head and her body hurled 30 feet. Miss Singleton's father is from Greer. The girl worked at the American Spinning company and boarded at a nearby house. The coroner conducted an inquest this afternoon, after which the body was sent to the girl's former home.

Ladies' Aid Society.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Lutheran Church of the Redeemer will be entertained during the year at the following homes:

April 2—Mrs. Wm. Johnson.
April 16—Mrs. Elmer Summer.
April 30—Mrs. E. C. Sonnenberg.
May 14—Mrs. Will Swittenberg.
May 28—Mrs. D. A. Dickert.
June 11—Mrs. C. R. Wise.
June 25—Mrs. Van Smith.
July 9—Mrs. J. W. Haktiwanger.
July 23—Mrs. J. M. Kibier.
August 6—Mrs. E. Y. Morris.
August 20—Mrs. Theo. Johnstone.
September 3—Mrs. W. H. Long.
September 17—Mrs. Jno. K. Aull.
October 1—Mrs. R. C. Perry.
October 15—Mrs. E. H. Kibler.
October 29—Mrs. L. I. Epting.
November 12—Mrs. W. G. Houseal.
November 26—Miss Nora Long.
December 10—Mrs. C. E. Summer.
Nora Long,
Secretary.

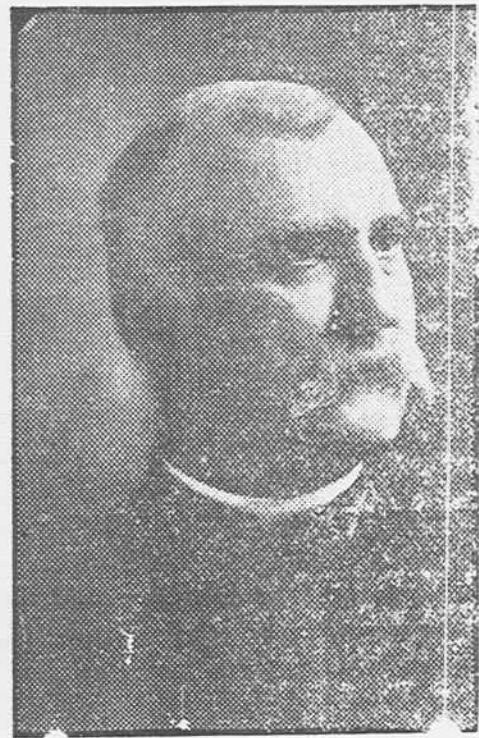
Self-Confidence.

"Self-confidence is not egotism. It is knowledge, and it comes from the consciousness of possessing the ability requisite for what one undertakes. Civilization today rests upon self-confidence."—Orison Swift Marston.

WILLIE JONES TO RETIRE.

Lowndes J. Browning Suggested as
Democracy's Head—Call State
Convention.

After 30 years' active service to the Democratic party in South Carolina, Gen. Willie Jones, for the past 14 years State chairman, has announced that he will not ask for reelection. He has called the executive committee



to meet in Columbia on April 10, when the official call for the State convention to be held on May 15 will be issued.

The name of Lowndes J. Browning, member of the house of representatives of the ways and means committee, of the house, has been suggested as State chairman. Mr. Browning has already announced that he will not seek reelection to the house. He is one of the best known and most capable members of the house. He is not seeking any office. Mr. Browning is a successful farmer and has a wide acquaintance throughout the State.

BLEASE BOARD GIVES UP FUND.

Dispensary Fund Held by Treasurer
to be Distributed Among the
Schools of the State.

The commission named by Gov. Blease to wind up the affairs of the State dispensary has turned over \$25,587.01 to the State treasurer. Under the terms of the Crosson resolution, passed at the last session of the general assembly the Blease commission went out of existence several days ago and a final report is to be made within the next several days.

There is about \$75,000 of the dispensary fund in the hands of the State treasurer. This fund was turned over by the Ansel commission. The total fund, approximately \$100,000, now held by the State treasurer will be distributed among the schools of the State by State Treasurer Jennings, Comptroller General Jones and State Superintendent of Education Swearingen. An act was passed at the last session of the general assembly to provide for the distribution of the dispensary fund. The act was first passed in 1911 and was vetoed.

Analysis of City Water.

State Board of Health of South Carolina.

Charleston, S. C., March 20, 1912.
Sanitary analysis No. 785 of water received March 14, 1912, from Newberry water works, Newberry, S. C.:
Color..... 0.00
Chlorine..... 23.00
Free ammonia..... 0.03
Albuminoid ammonia..... 1.01
Nitrogen in nitrates..... 0.002
Nitrogen in nitrites..... 0.00
Hardness (as parts of Ca Co2) soap test.....
Alkalinity (as parts of Ca Co2).....
Total solids.....300.00

Bacterial Analysis.

Bacterial indications of contamination—None.

Remarks: Free from contamination. Respectfully submitted,
F. L. Parker, Jr., M. D.

Many Fish Were Blind.

More than 17,000 yellowtail were caught by Japanese fishermen at the long wharf recently. This is the largest catch for one day's fishing ever recorded in the bay district. Among the fishy specimens were several deep sea fish, which, when brought to the surface, were found to be totally blind.—Los Angeles Tribune.

NEWS FROM ST. PAUL'S.

Good Friday Services—Dr. Sligh to be
Present—Talking Politics—Ex-
pecting Hot Times.

St. Paul, March 18.—Yesterday was one of the prettiest Sundays we have had in a long time, though the roads are very unpleasant yet. Still a large crowd worshipped at St. Paul's on Sunday morning.

On Good Friday there will be preparatory services and meeting of the joint council, composed of St. Paul, St. Philip and Bachman Chapel congregations, followed by communion service on Sunday, at which time there will be all day services with dinner on the grounds. At 10 o'clock a. m., the Sunday school will meet, at 11 o'clock divine services, and at 2 o'clock addresses will be made on mission work. All visitors will be welcomed to these services.

The Rev. J. A. Sligh, former pastor of St. Paul for 48 years, and at present pastor emeritus, who moved from this section to his new home near Columbia a few months ago, spent a day and night in this section looking after business. The doctor is still in feeble health, though he seemed to be very glad to spend even a short time among his many friends here, who are always glad to see him.

Mr. W. B. Bolnest spent Sunday with Col. D. A. Ruff.

Mr. Ernest Wicker and Mr. Lee Lathrop spent Saturday night and Sunday with Mr. Lathrop's parent, of Newberry, R. F. D.

Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Stone, of Newberry, spent Sunday with the former's mother, Mrs. Stone.

Mr. Bertie Epting, of Newberry, is visiting his sister, Mrs. T. H. Wedeman.

The people seem to be talking more politics this spring than fertilizers. Well, I guess it is a good thing to get their minds off of the fertilizer question as most of our farmers went to the extreme with it last year.

The writer heard a very prominent man, who had until quite recently been a citizen of Newberry and a very active man in all business affairs, make the statement that the coming campaign would be the hottest campaign we have had in a number of years regardless of how cool the summer might be. On being asked as to what he thought in regard to the governor's race, made the following statement: "In my opinion Blease's friends, who are the majority of the people of the State of South Carolina, and would be an overwhelming majority in the approaching primary, would stand by him to the finish." The people of this section most heartily agree with this statement, though judging from Candidate Jones' speeches, he seems to think that he can be of great benefit to the people by redeeming them from Bleasism. He said that if he were elected governor of South Carolina, that he would be governor of all the people, but he would not go to hell with his friends like Governor Blease, but would go to the brink to pull them back. Though it is the opinion of a great many people that there will be such a few to pull back that it won't be any honor to Candidate Jones, and again we believe that we are just as far from hell as Candidate Jones is from the governor's office.

The grain crop is looking very sick in this section and it seems at present that there will not be very much made. We are listening at an early date to hear the sound of that solemn bell that will unite two hearts that beat as one. Owing to the severe winter, the girls may not have done so much courting as they had planned to do this leap year, yet some of them in their lonely homes have composed some of the most beautiful songs relating to the good-looking young men of the lower section of the county. Drift.

Opportunities Always Present.

"It is not a single opportunity which comes to a man, it is a train. It is a never-ending procession, some smaller and more insignificant as the years flow on, but ever and always opportunities too numerous, too great, and too large for us to utilize fully."—Prof. James, University of Illinois.

GROWING CROPS FOR HOGS.

Clemson Extension Work.

While hog-raising has proven to be one of the most profitable branches of farming in every section of the country, it is especially well adapted to the South. To make any branch of livestock farming profitable, there are three essentials: First, animals of good quality and breeding. Second, an abundance of suitable feed. Third, a good market for the animals and their products. It is the object of this article to discuss briefly the most economical way of producing feed, in order that this year we may reduce to the minimum the cost of pork production.

By using a portion of the farm for hog crops, it is a comparatively easy matter to provide grazing crops upon which, with the addition of a very small amount of grain, the hogs will grow and fatten every month in the year. The plan that we have followed at Clemson college, with very good results, is to provide a number of one- and two-acre lots. The size and number of the lots will depend upon the number of pigs raised. Beginning early in March we sow rape on well fertilized land at the rate of six pounds per acre broadcast. This will furnish grazing from April 15 to July 1. These lots are then planted in cow-peas and soy beans for fall grazing. In some sections, vetch, and red or crimson clover, sown in the spring, will furnish good grazing; but we have much better success by sowing these crops in the early fall. Peanuts planted in drills early in May at the rate of one to one and one-half bushels per acre has produced more pork per acre than any other crop tried so far. Cow-peas and soy beans planted in drills in April and May, at the rate of one-half bushel per acre, mature about the same time as the peanuts, and can be grazed together; and, moreover, they furnish a ration that is unexcelled for fattening the hogs for market in the fall. A small patch of early corn is planted to furnish grain before the field corn has matured. Sorghum is a popular hog feed with some farmers, but our experiments indicate clearly that it is not nearly as profitable as many other crops, but that it is much better suited for cattle and horses than for hogs.

Planting cow-peas in the field corn is the cheapest method we have yet devised for fattening hogs in the fall, or for carrying them until the fall-sown crops are ready.

For winter and early spring grazing there are no crops better than rape and red clover sown in September, at the rate of six pounds of rape and eight to ten pounds of red clover per acre. If the weather is favorable, the rape will be ready to graze in thirty to forty days, and will stand grazing all winter. Oats and vetch, or wheat and vetch, sown in September or October, at the rate of two bushels of oats and a half bushel of vetch, or one bushel of wheat and a half bushel of vetch, per acre furnish excellent winter and spring grazing for sows and young pigs, and can be grazed until the land is wanted for peanuts, cow-peas, or soy beans, the next spring.

Our bermuda lots seeded in white or burr clover furnish pasture from March to November, and are essential on every hog farm.

Profitable pork production in the South is dependent upon providing suitable grazing crops to be harvested by the hogs. The old plan of buying or using high priced feeds and carrying them to the hogs will always result in failure.

If the farmers of the State who are interested in hog-raising will correspond with Clemson college, they will be given all the information and assistance necessary to enable them to make this branch of farming a profitable business.

The Extension Work Bulletin on Hog Raising for the South will be sent free upon application.

Archibald Smith,

Professor of Animal Husbandry and Dairying.

THE IDLER.

The papers are having a good deal to say now about the hound dog song, and different versions as to its author are given out, and many people are claiming it as their own. One paper says it dates back to the days of Daniel Boone and had its origin in Missouri. And that the Missouri legislature will pass or has passed an act to make it the official song of the State. Here is one version of it that I have seen:

Ev'ry time I come to town
The boys keep a-kicin' my dawg
around;
Makes no difference if he is a houn'
They gotta quit kickin' my dawg
around!

Every time I go to school
The teacher lams me with a rule;
Makes no difference if I am a fool,
She's got a-quit lammin' me with a
rule.

Sift the meal an' save the bran,
You can't grow taters in sandy lan'.
Makes no difference if he is a houn',
You got a-quit kickin' my dawg around.

My dawg Drum is a good ol' houn',
Trails the 'possum on the dryest
groun'.

Makes no difference if he is a houn',
You got a-quit kickin' my dawg around.

I read in another paper that a man named Zeb Harris, who lives in Indiana, says that he wrote the song when he was a school boy 14 years old and gives as the reason for writing it that he was a country boy and went to a town school and the town boys were always knocking his hound dog around, and he was very fond of his dog, and he took this method of stopping the abuse of his favorite dog. He says that his dog wasn't scared of anything. It may be interesting to those who are familiar with and interested in the hound dog to read what Zeb Harris says himself about the hound dog poem which is now attracting so much attention:

"The reason I wrote that piece was that the boys in Royerton, where I was going to school, kicked on me and my dog all the time because we were from the country. Of course Royerton was really country itself, only about two hundred people being there, but the town boys thought they were smart. So every time I came to town they started to fuss with me, make remarks about the hound and kick him around.

"I got tired of it. I tried to whip a few of the boys, but they wouldn't stay whipped and finally I knew I either had to do something or quit school.

"So one night I brought out my slate from school, and when all the folk had gone to bed I slipped into the kitchen and lighted a coal lamp and the barn lantern to be sure I had plenty of light and started to write.

"I'd asked my teacher, Bert Needham, if it would be all right for me to recite a poem on visitors' day at the school instead of reading an essay, and he said it would be if I thought myself competent.

"I was mad all through, too, when I wrote the verse.

"That hound was the best friend I ever had outside of my home folks, and every time he come home all battered and bruised up from the kicks of the town boys, I swore I'd do something to get even.

"When I recited the poem in school I never saw anything like such carryin' on; the boys knew they had mistreated my hound, but they were pretty good boys after all, for they cheered me and the hound and even cheered the school house after I got through, and then they made me get up and say it all over again.

"Finally, Mr. Needham, the teacher, said he thought he could sing the thing and he made up a tune, and after the scholars had heard it all of them fell into the chorus and screamed:

"'You gotta quit kickin' my dawg around.'"

Then I read in the Charlotte Observer that the poem was of German ori-

gin, the place whence comes nearly all good and popular airs and ballads. The Baltimore News is the authority for tracing its origin to Germany. The fact first came to American light in Chicago. It is stated that it was a cradle song in Germany in the fifteenth century and was known as "The Lay of the Dog." "In a scrap book," says the Observer, "of that period owned by Antiquarian Johann Koenig, of Nuremberg, are the words of the first stanza, thus:

Jedesmal ich in's Dorfchen komm'
Stossen die Jungens mein' Hund herum.

Mir ist's egal was sonst sie thun—
Sie dürfen nicht stossen mein' Hund herum!

Every one acquainted with German—as every one who values intellectual or aesthetic pleasure should be—will immediately recognize the peculiar metrical swing of the Dawg Song and also its identical meaning except that it has introduced a slight variation in the third line. Even those who know no German should be able to recognize the swing, and most of the sense, in this related tongue. The News correspondent does not attempt a metrical translation, but renders the piece literally:

Every time I come into the little village,
The boys knock my dog around.

It's all the same to me what else they do;
They must not knock my dog around.

The essentially child-like Ozark mountaineer hums for his own delectation a lay made for the German child. Doubtless it was sung to their children by German-born parents in the Eastern and Southeastern States two or three centuries ago. Among grown folks it found its most congenial lodgment with the simple, primitive, and contentedly shiftless people who number part of the population in our mountainous backwoods. No wonder many States claim it, for it must have been sung in all these. In the Ozarks, where the adult population as well as the child made perfect soil, it was merely best preserved.

I hope this is not too much to give to the hound dog, and that it will prove interesting reading and valuable information. I never owned a hound dog, but the negroes on the plantation when I lived in the country always had one or two each, and I used to love to hear these hounds after the rabbits. The only dog I ever owned was a banch leg fice, and he lost one eye before he died at the age of fifteen years, and I remember I gave him a decent burial and mourned his death for many days. His name was Penny. That was about 50 years ago, but I can recall that dog distinctly to this day and remember well how I loved him.

I see Mr. Crotwell has hauled some sand and put it in that mudhole alongside his hotel, and the supervisor has had some sand put in the walk leading up to the court house. I was wondering if Mr. Crotwell was going to experiment on the building of a sand clay road, and possibly that is the idea of the supervisor in hauling sand on the clay walk leading up to the court house. I am waiting and watching. All things come to him who waits, if he labors while he waits.

I see that the boys are beginning to fling their hats in the ring and I reckon there will be lively old times in the old town from now on until the last Tuesday in August. I hope it will be a pleasant and friendly contest and that all of them will be able to pick up their hats at the end of the race without any damaging holes.

The Idler.

Just So.

Georgetown Times.

A newspaper man can say nice, pleasant things about a man and his whole family for two long years and never hear a word from them, and then in one short week, by some hook or crook, get in a seeming uncharitable phrase and get blown higher than Guideroy's Kit, and incur their life time enmity. This is one of the secret pleasures of the business.